

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

VOLUME XXXVIII—NUMBER 6

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mrs. W. R. Chapman returned home from New York Monday.

Mrs. Lavina Lowe was calling on friends in town Saturday.

R. F. Bean and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Ramsell were in Portland Friday.

The "Les Huit Brides" met with Mrs. Evans Wilson Tuesday afternoon.

Dr. Ralph O. Hood is visiting his parents in Danvers, Mass., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Van moved to their home on Paradise Street Saturday.

Kathryn Andrews spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hall of West Bethel.

Mrs. Alice Edwards of Orlinfield was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Roy Hamlin, last week.

A large party was seen swimming in Songo Pond Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gorman.

Mrs. Charles Bean went to Colebrook, N. H., Saturday, to visit her son, Elmer Bean.

Mrs. Annie Wiley and Miss L. M. Stearns have moved into the Jordan rent on Main Street.

Judge H. H. Hastings and E. C. Park, Esq., attended Probate Court at South Paris Tuesday.

Mrs. H. A. Wilcox of St. Johnsbury, Vt., spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Emma Robertson.

The American Legion Auxiliary will hold a food sale in the Mainey block Saturday, May 21, at 2.30.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Guilow and daughter of Boston were week end guests of Mrs. Mabel Beckler.

Misses Dorothy and Edith Robson of Portland were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Syll LeClair and son.

Mr. and Mrs. Dana Rand have moved from the Jordan rent on Mechanic Street to Mrs. Conner's house on Elm Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Swan and son Junior of Crystal, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Davis and family Sunday.

Miss Marie Dustin, who has been spending some time with Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davis, is visiting Mrs. Hannah Coudage, Locke Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Fink went to Wilson's Mills Wednesday to get their camps in readiness for the season. Guy Gibbs accompanied them.

Miss Frances Carter and friend, Miss Day, have returned to Newton, Mass., after a few days visit with Mrs. Fannie Carter at Middle Intervale.

Mrs. Molly Wilson of Berlin and Miss Sarah Chapman of Portland are spending some time with their father, William L. Chapman, who is in very poor health.

Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf was hostess to a surprise party Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Lillian Vail's birthday.

Mrs. Vail was presented with a birthday cake and useful gifts. The evening was passed with games. Refreshments were served.

The Lions Club observed Ladies' Night Tuesday. Guy L. Shorey of Gorham, N. H., gave a very interesting lecture and showed pictures of the White Mountains. District Governor Dr. Emerson of Bangor was present and also gave a very interesting talk.

Fire was discovered in the house occupied by Loto Hutchinson and family at Skillington Tuesday. The fire was in the upper part of the house and was soon under control by the use of hand hose and chemicals. Two rooms were considerably damaged upstairs while the front room below was drenched with water. Mr. Hutchinson as badly burned about the face when he attempted to enter the room where the fire started. No estimate of the loss has been made.

—Continued on Page Eight—

THURSTON'S CANDIDACY WINNING FAVOR IN BOTH PARTIES

A powerful campaign organization is being built by Paul C. Thurston, candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor, in the cities and towns of the State from those who have signed his primary nomination papers.

He has visited 13 of the 16 counties of the State and has spoken before clubs, Granges, and party groups.

The only pause in his primary campaign since it started was made Saturday when Thurston, a loyal Bates College alumnus, attended the State Track Meet at Lewiston. This track meet and four major Maine college football games Thurston has never missed since his graduation from Bates 22 years ago, except in case of illness or absence from the State.

Dowel manufacturer and banker, Thurston approaches problems of State administration from the viewpoint of a business man. The high lights of his program are lopping off \$6,000,000 in the annual expenditures of Maine's government and the curbing of waste and extravagance in the State Highway department. He would have the Public Utilities Commission perform rail service to the taxpayer and consumer by giving to that body sufficient money to enable it to thoroughly investigate electrical and other rates upon its own initiative.

Finally—and of great importance to rural communities—he is opposed to a centralized power which has grown up at Augusta and which takes away from the towns authority which they formerly had in the conduct of their own affairs.

In a recent notable speech made to Oxford County Pomona Grange at North Waterford, Thurston pointed out that State expenditures—according to the figures of the State Auditor—had, in the last three years, increased from \$23,300,000 to \$30,500,000.

According to these figures there had been for that period a 44 per cent increase in the expenses of the State Highway Commission, 56 per cent in the State Auditor's department, and 81 per cent in the Inland Fisheries and Game department.

Another phase of mounting State expenditure touched upon in his North Waterford speech was the increase of \$1,000 each in the salaries of six State officials voted by the Governor and Council on Jan. 1, 1932. While the salaries of the Commissioner of Agriculture, the Commissioner of Sea and Shore Fisheries, the Fish and Game Commissioner, the State Treasurer, the State Librarian, and the State Tax Assessor were thus increased, laborers' wages on State highways were reduced from \$3 to \$2.58 per day and truck owners were cut \$1 per day, Thurston points out. He promises, if nominated and elected, to begin at the top and put the salaries of the white-collared department heads back where they were formerly.

Although always a loyal Democrat and for a dozen years a member of the State Committee, Thurston enjoys to a high degree the confidence of the Independent and Republican voter. "A man of honesty and integrity—his word as good as his bond," is the testimony recently given in Thurston's behalf by a leading Bethel Republican.

GOULD ENTERED IN STATE TYPEWRITING CONTEST AT PORTLAND SATURDAY

Sally E. Chapman and Esther E. Burris will represent Gould Academy at the State Typewriting Contest at Deering High School, Portland, on Saturday. William R. Myers, head of the Commercial Department will be one of the scorers of the Contest. The girls recently placed first and second in the Oxford County Contest.

BRAINARD C. BURBANK

Brainard Cleveland Burbank passed away at his home in Skillington, Friday, May 13, after a long period of failing health. He was born in Shelburne, N. H., March 8, 1889, the son of Martin L. and Mary Pinkham Burbank.

He was united in marriage with Miss Hortense Mason of Bethel Aug. 25, 1934, after a long period of failing health. He was born in Shelburne, N. H., March 8, 1889, the son of Martin L. and Mary Pinkham Burbank.

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BUY A POPPY

For him, who in his youthful pride Went forth to fight the foe, Now sleeps upon the green hill-side Where the dark red poppies grow.

For him, who sailed the ocean wide With food for a war sick land, And struck the deadly submarine By a dandish enemy planned.

For him, with eyes forever closed To the beauty of earth and sky,

Who sees forever the haunting scene Where brave men fall and die.

For him, who from a host of pain Can hope to rise no more, Till God in mercy sends relief Makes him whole on that other shore.

But one poppy you can buy Then do it in His name, Who to save a lost and sin sick world Endured a death of shame.

B. M. Mund.

RUMFORD DEFEATS GOULD 11-6

Rumford had two big innings scoring 4 runs in the second and 5 in the seventh to defeat Gould here last Saturday 11-6. Errors by Quimby, Stanley, Vail and Browne were responsible for most of Rumford's runs. The visitors have a hard hitting experienced ball team, but were held to only 9 hits by Browne.

Could took advantage of 6 hits to score 5 runs. Daniels stole 3 bases as did also Roberts, which contributed to the local scoring. Wilson Bartlett stole 2 bases but did not manage to score.

Rowe and Addison both pitched good ball for the winners. Neither of Rumford's two best pitchers, Montell and Stewart were in the lineup. E. Gallant, shortstop, was the only visitor to connect more than one against Browne. He hit a double and a single.

The score:

GOULD

Roberts, 3b

Hamlin, 1b

Stanley, 2b

Quimby, cf

Allen, rf

Daniels, 1b

Bartlett, c

Vail, ss

Browne, p

Totals

11 9 1

RUMFORD

Gerrard, 2b

Bachelier, c

Vigor, cf

Chaffin, rf

Wagnis, 1b

Bulger, 1b

Irish, cf

Rowe, p

Jonath, rf

Dorian, cf

Addison, p

Totals

11 9 1

GOULD

Roberts, 3b

Hamlin, 1b

Stanley, 2b

Quimby, cf

Allen, rf

Daniels, 1b

Bartlett, c

Vail, ss

Browne, p

Totals

11 9 1

RUMFORD

Gerrard, 2b

Bachelier, c

Vigor, cf

Chaffin, rf

Wagnis, 1b

Bulger, 1b

Irish, cf

Rowe, p

Jonath, rf

Dorian, cf

Addison, p

H. A. ANDERSON TO PRESENT "ARE ALL MEN LIARS" AT ODEON HALL, FRIDAY, MAY 27

Had the author of "Are All Men Liars" foreseen the troublous times of the last three years, he could hardly have been more inspired than in his efforts in this whimsical comedy.

In a recent issue of a New York paper a dramatic critic made this statement: "If the author of 'Are All Men Liars' never lifts his pen to write another play, he has done his duty to the world."

How Should One Banish Tyranny of Insomnia?

Since an Australian scientist has discovered the sleep control center of the brain, may we ask if it were like a push button? This is the utility of the discovery most desired. We resort, and bitterly, the power of insomnia to work its will with us. It is a tyrant that is indifferent to our railings.

Physiology and psychology seem closely related in the human quality of sleep. It is a comfortable doctrine that if your unconscious repose is quite regularly but five hours out of the twenty-four, that that is all "your system requires"; but there is the insatiable, depression and exhaustion of the long day, to refute any such conclusion.

Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care, must somehow be made to tend to its knitting. F. H. Collier, writing in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, concludes: Probably the victim knows ways to enforce this, but they are inconvenient and often impossible. Run ten miles and you will sleep ten hours. No doubt; but when and where can one run ten miles without being taken for a lunatic? And one's hours must be occupied in making a living.

Pelicans Had Been Too Long Fishermen's Pets

A discovery was made a short time ago, says the Detroit News, that many pelicans in Santa Monica bay, Calif., have never learned to fish for their daily subsistence. For years the pelicans have been known to feed themselves on the refuse around the wharves and fishing vessels and feed entirely upon the fish proffered them by generous fishermen.

It was not necessary for these birds to swim the waves of the sea in pursuit of schools of fish and make the beautiful dives so attractive to observers; thus the water birds had become a little more like the land birds. But a condition occurred that almost spelled doom for such a luxurious mode of living.

Tough seas drove the fish to quieter and deeper waters. Fishermen failed to make the usual catches and there was less food to toss to the birds. Some cases were found where birds had almost starved to death. That the condition was caused by a lack of schooling is proved by the fact that scores of regular birds found no difficulty in doing plenty of their own fishing.

Norse Mythology

In Norse mythology Balder was the god of justice and the personification of the brightness and beneficence of the sun. He was the son of Odin and his wife Frigg. According to the legend in the Edda, Frigg undertook to get every living creature and inanimate thing to swear that they would not harm her son Balder, but by mistake she omitted the mistletoe, which took no such oath. After these had pledged, Balder was believed to be invulnerable and the other gods playfully threw stones and even shot arrows at him without injuring him in the least. Finally, however, Loki, the god of evil, found an arrow of a mistletoe twig and had it shot at Balder by the latter's blind twin brother Hoder, the god of darkness. The arrow pierced Balder's heart and he fell dead. Pathfinder Magazine

Cloaks Now Priceless

Oddly enough, or characteristically enough, the British museum in London is said to have the finest collection of Hawaiian feather cloaks in existence. A good many examples are preserved in steel cases at the Bishop museum in Honolulu, where they are shown to the public only at intervals. When the missionaries from New England went to the islands about 110 years ago, feather cloaks were still in use. Later, when the frigate hunt for the cloaks as museum pieces began, in consequence of the extinction of the birds from whose feathers they were made, several were found in New England, one having been made into a lining for a buffalo robe!

Southern Wildcat

The wildcat, for all it looks like a smooth sleek puss, is an almost unmatchable member of the cat family which ranges from Texas southward to Patagonia. The full grown animal is a little larger than a house cat. It lives by preying upon small rodents and birds. The scientific name of wildcat is Felis concolor. In Mexico it is called the ocelot. The animal is of a yellowish or reddish gray color, shading off to white on the under parts and thickly marked with elongated black edged spots and blotches. A long time ago it ranged as far north as Arkansas, according to zoologists.

Wisdom From a Fly

Phaedrus, an old philosopher, originated the phrase "Adding insult to injury." In his humorous tale, "The Blind Men and the Elephant," a blind man, who, in attempting to crush the offender, gave himself a sharp blow. Gladly the fly said: "You wanted to revenge the sting of a tiny insect with death; what will you do to yourself, who have added insult to injury?"

Energy Is Keynote

Energy supplies power. Properly applied, it makes for progress. This is the law of physics. And it applies to human nature as well. The mental and physical energy you apply to your task is exactly the measure of progress you will achieve.—Orin.

County News

Middle Intervale, Bethel

Joseph Holt and Richard Carter were in Norway Sunday.

Harold Bartlett has employment at Poland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Baker spent Sunday with their daughter, Mrs. Clifford Buckman.

Mr. and Mrs. L. U. Bartlett spent last week with Mrs. Bartlett's mother, Mrs. Alfreda Hall.

Mrs. Ada Balentine is having a few days rest from Farwell's Tea Room where she is employed.

L. U. Bartlett is plowing for Robert Sanborn.

Mrs. Fritz Vail, who is staying with Ernest Buck, spent the week end at her home in town.

Mrs. Harold Bartlett spent Friday with Mrs. Beattie Stanley.

Miss Catherine Seaton and Grace Carter, Mrs. John Carter and family were callers at Mrs. Fannie Carter's Sunday.

Clark Caswell is still confined to his bed by illness.

MILTON

A fire started on the farm now owned by Mr. Pratt of Oxford, and spread onto the farm owned by Mr. Robinson of Oxford doing quite a lot of damage. The fire department of Rumford was called also Rumford Point with a large crew of men. They soon got it under control.

Miss Gannan Hayes spent the week end with Clara Jackson.

Several women from this way are working in the mill at Lockes Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Linnell of has been visiting.

Mr. and Mrs. Rawleigh Linnell of Rumford and Mrs. Lillian Coffin were in town Wednesday on business.

Miss Therese Clifford of Rumford has been visiting her grandmother, Mrs. P. D. Lapham.

Earl Buck is moving into the Olmsted place.

Walter Millett is working on the Pettiball Farm across the river.

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Mother Nature has been very busy during the past week. The tiny leaves, the delicate buds, all show her work—a revelation to mankind.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Hart have moved from this place to the Nelson Cole rent in North Paris.

Harry Stevens of North Woodstock is working here on the barn job for Fred Andrews.

Through an invitation given by Mrs. Jessie Andrews, Mrs. Velma Brown Davis, Mrs. Olive Pingree Davis, and Mrs. Annie Bryant Davis attended the meeting of the Good Will Society of the Universalist Church at West Paris, which was held Wednesday at the residence of Mrs. Mabel Mann on Main Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Davis entertained his cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Green and young Hazel, of Bryant Pond at the Davis Homestead for the week end.

George Tuell has been plowing and harrowing for Gayden Davis on his bean and potato ground.

Gerald Davis worked for Ben Vitell, plowing and harrowing recently. Mr. Vitell lives on the late Albion Bowker place which 20 years or more ago was noted for its beautiful display of flowers of which Mr. Bowker was a great lover.

The spring's work on the Andrews estate is nearly done. The garden will be planted this week, also the bean and potato fields.

Stanley Andrews, during his vacation from the Maine School of Commerce, is spending his time working in the wood working department of the cabinet manufacturing of I. W. Andrews & Son. Stanley is one of the fifth generation of this well known firm of undertakers.

We are enjoying a time of depression and what better way to help than to insist that the members of the family shall be given small servings at the table, that a clean plate always is a good excuse for another serving whenever requested but that food waste shall in every way possible be discouraged. "A penny saved is better than a penny laboriously earned by the bread winner."

Mrs. Vera Buck, who has been sick for several weeks, is convalescing.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Felt spent Tuesday on a shopping and business trip to South Paris and Norway. Mr. Felt is now able to do a moderate amount of farm work since his recent recovery from illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendall Roberts generously donated her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Felt, with a nice lot of lake trout, all dressed ready for pan frying.

WEST PARIS

MRS. JOSEPH BRYANT

Mrs. Joseph Bryant passed away Saturday night at the home of George Young on the Trap Corner road where she had been cared for the past 17 weeks by her daughter, Miss Margaret Peabody, for illness from cancer.

She was the daughter of David and Mary (Flagg) Wright and was born in Benton, June 16, 1873. Besides her husband and daughter mentioned, she is survived by a son, Joseph T. Bryant, Jr., and several grandchildren. A daughter, Mrs. Ella Herick, died a few years ago.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the Union Church, South Woodstock, Rev. C. B. McKenzie of Bryant Pond officiating. Interment in West Paris cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden and Mrs. Adams of Canton Point attended the Universalist church Sunday morning and spent Sunday afternoon with Rev. E. B. Forbes.

Rev. F. B. Lyman, chaplain of the State Grange, will deliver the annual sermon for West Paris Grange at the Baptist church Sunday, May 22, at 10 a. m., stamined time.

Mr. and Mrs. Will F. Bowker of Portland have been recent guests of Miss Ella Curtis.

Mrs. Ella Sweetair, who has been caring for Mrs. Elvess Dennen for the past three weeks, has finished work and is visiting her niece, Miss Effie Swan, at South Paris.

The Bates Literary Club will hold their annual outing Friday, May 20, with Mrs. Albion Abbott at Robbins' Nest, Locke Mills. Ladies will invite their husbands, or a friend if they choose. Those who wish transportation please notify Mrs. Frank P. Knight, Jr.

Hon. Alton C. Wheeler of Auburn was in town Wednesday on business.

Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes spent last week with her friend, Miss Sarah Ricker, at the Mansion House, Poland Spring.

The Good Will Society met Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Lewis M. Mann, Main Street. There was a large attendance, several ladies being present from South Woodstock.

Mrs. Jennie B. Dunham is making repairs on the Bacon house by adding a piazza, painting and many improvements which makes it a cozy home. Since coming to West Paris Mrs. Dunham has also made considerable improvements on her other place adjoining, the stand formerly owned by the late Mrs. Martha Dunham.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence E. Stearns and family have closed their home and gone to Snow Falls Inn, which they have leased for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Stearns were in charge of the place last year for Mr. Bragdon, and the season proved the most successful since Mr. Bragdon opened the Inn. The Inn is opening with prospects of a good summer, as several former guests have again engaged accommodations.

Andrew, the young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chase, had the misfortune to fracture her arm between the wrist and elbow Thursday when playing with her little brother She seems very unlucky in breaking bones as she has twice fractured a collar bone.

Mr. and Mrs. Simeon Farr entertained at supper one evening last week, Miss Louie Peabody, Clarence Coffin of Buckfield and Leland Coffin. The evening was devoted to rook, with Miss Elizabeth Hollis and Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chase added guests.

Banker in Strategic Position

The banker has always held a strategic position in the business world, and obviously the first requisite necessary is that the banker shall be honest. I do not mean with "honest" merely that he should be honest to the extent that he would not embezzle funds or swindle his customers and clients. The honesty to which I refer must be of a much higher and greater type.

He must be willing to forego momentary advantages because in the long run the specific action may bring harm to his customers or possibly to business generally.

Sentiment in Business

Sentiment in business? Yes, there is nothing else. What is it that prompts agitation for reforms in every avenue of life? Why is it we are interested in better agriculture, better roads, better schools, better community life? It is sentiment; it is affection; it is pride; it is sense of duty.

It is faith, confidence, hope, the intangible that forms the very woof and warp of modern business, and nowhere in so large a degree is this true as in banking, and in no sphere of banking to so great an extent as in the country bank.

Truly the work of the country banker touches the life of the community at every point, from the wedding chancel to the cemetery, and at no point does it touch so lightly as at that of cold-blooded business consideration. It is sentiment from the opening hour until the closing hour, and many hours when no banking can be done.

Quake Expert Studies Earth in Buried Vault

Santa Clara, Calif.—In a concrete vault 20 feet below ground on the University of Santa Clara campus, Dr. Albert J. Newland, disciple of the late Father Jerome Hildebrand, Jesuit "pioneer of the ruins" conducts his "earthquake factory."

Every night for 25 years Doctor Newland has descended the narrow passage to the tomblike chamber, bolted the single, narrow door of the vault, and kept his vigil with the earth's quiverings and tremors.

Only the weird blue glow of five "light pencils" from his seismographs illuminates his "factory" chambers.

Within the vault's 2-foot concrete walls, Doctor Newland checks the earth's trembling, the expansion and contraction of its surface due to cold spells, heat waves, other causes. These are recorded by the "light pencils."

Doctor Newland's "earthquake factory" is buried deep in the ground so that surface vibration will not affect its delicate instruments. The seismographs, firmly lodged on a concrete pier, record the nature, location, and time of occurrence of disturbances.

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GREENWOOD CITY

Mrs. John Ring was in Lewiston Saturday to visit her brother, Arland Rogers, who is in the hospital there.

There was a meeting of all the Greenwood teachers at the school house Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Morgan, Frank and Ann Curtis were in Lewiston Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hayes and family and Elma Hayes went to Portland Sunday to meet their mother who returned home with them.

Dolphina Whitman was at home from her high school work last week because of illness.

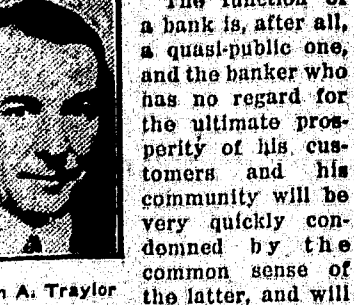
Galen Curtis has finished work at A. M. Whitman's and is now working at Penley's mill.

COLOR PRINTING

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HOMESPUN SENSE ETHICS OF BANKING

By MELVIN A. TRAYLOR President First National Bank, Chicago



The function of a bank is, after all, a quasi-public one, and the banker who has no regard for the ultimate prosperity of his customers and his community will be very quickly condemned by the common sense of the latter, and will ultimately destroy not merely his own reputation but also bring about the downfall of his community.

In other words, the prosperity of a bank is founded upon the prosperity of the community and country in which it is situated.

Resume Honeymoon Halted by Immigration Laws

Chicago.—An interrupted honeymoon was resumed recently. A bride returned to her policeman husband, and three motherless children found a new mother, when President Herbert Hoover gave a personal and unconditional pardon to Mrs. Joseph Kilian, nee Stefania Poczutko, stranded for eight months in Windsor, Can.

Red tape, precedent, passports and charges of falsification and moral turpitude figured largely in the romantic story which has just come to its happy ending.

Last August Policeman Joseph P. Kilian thought he had settled all the difficulties his fiancée encountered, through her illegal entrance into the United States.

He married her, with permission of Secretary of Labor William N. Danks, and took her honeymooning to Canada, that she might re-enter the country as the wife of an American citizen and a legitimate citizen in her own right.

But the Department of Labor slipped a cog, decided that Stefania herself was responsible for the errors on her passport and Stefania was ordered to remain outside the country.

So she found herself stranded in a cheap boarding house in Windsor for eight months, during which she wrote aching letters to her husband and dreamed of the things they could do for his three youngsters, the oldest just six.

And then the hand of the President waved a full pardon to exonerate the exiled young bride and restored her to her adopted home.

Stefania at last has returned to her home and her husband, Uncle Sam has a new citizen and three little babes a new mother.

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I Don't Know What You Think

By FANNY

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

THE courtesan was one thing to the community. He was twenty years home of a mutual engaged three months that same spring. In the large in where Niles was way, they began to a scale commensurate and at the end of occupying a small the up-to-date ap one of the exclud

They were hap of gathering frie An inveterate soci faculty of makin stretch twice it Their little four-bronford arms, a housewife glorie and sales people caparisoned that inferior and ES photographer to a living and bedroo the publication.

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For a year, w her being, bu down, life move Consultations w troubles

I Don't Know What You Mean

By FANNIE HURST

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
(WNU Service)

THE courtship of Mary and Niles was one that conformed nicely to the conventionalities of the community. She was twenty and he was twenty-one; they met at the home of a mutual friend, became engaged three months later and married that same spring.

In the large industrial eastern city where Niles was already making his way, they began their married life on a scale commensurate with his income and at the end of the second year were occupying a small apartment in one of the up-to-date apartment houses on one of the exclusive streets in town.

They were happy, formative years of gathering friends and furnishings. An inveterate shopper, Mary had the faculty of making a dollar seem to stretch twice its usual resiliency. Their little four-room apartment, in Bedford Arms, an address the young housewife gloried in giving to trades and sales people, was so unusually caparisoned that a magazine called Interior and Exterior had sent a photographer to take pictures of the living and bedrooms for inclusion in the publication.

Mary, and justly so, was proud of her achievement of this home. Busy, constructive years went into its making. Niles took his pride in it too. It was pleasant to be able to invite a client into the really distinguished atmosphere of his surroundings. The charming, Mary, in her smooth good-looking clothes, the pleasant lamp-light living room of Sheraton, good old prints, dim-toned rugs, books, a fluted, pewter, grand piano with its invariable luster vase containing yellow roses, gave forth an odor of success that never failed to register instantly.

Clever woman, Mary! Clever as the dickens. From that point on, the advancement of the Niles Gregorlys was consistent and always a little ahead of itself. That is, when Niles was earning twenty thousand a year, they seemed to be living at the rate of thirty; when he was earning thirty, it was as if his income must be at least fifty. And so on, due of course to Mary's unceasing attention to every detail.

At the conclusion of the tenth year of their marriage, while Niles was steering ahead to greater and greater success in his work, their country place, thirty miles from town, was the most pretentious and luxurious estate thereabouts. A far more luxurious place, Mary took pride in explaining, than Niles normally could afford.

She not only had the gift of taste and selection, but she had the indomitable energy for shopping. It might be said that the first ten years of their married life was one exhaustive shopping tour in Europe and America. Not, mind you, that it was drudgery to Mary.

All this made the busy years of growth seem filled with the sense of creating the setting for the kind of life they wished to live.

As Mary's friends put it, she worked like a stage designer, bent on accomplishing the proper dramatic setting for their background. With the country place called Wildmere, she achieved it. On the outskirts of town, adjoining the most select country club in the state, representing an actual outlay of several hundred thousand dollars and giving the effect of having cost much more, the beautiful home of Mary and Niles reared its turreted head.

It gave you a sense of repose just to enter these doors, to sink into its restful chairs and divans, to look out over its meticulous expanses of garden and terrace, to browse in its libraries, relax in its music room, stretch out in its luxurious sleeping suites.

The home was finished. Well, for another year or two, there was the pastime, the excitement, and always the pleasure, of bringing into this home the friends and acquaintances who would exclaim at its perfection and revel in its comfort. It was a source of perennial thrill to walk with them through the beautiful avenue of poplar trees, the geometric perfection of the sunken gardens and point out to them the vistas and scenic delights from almost every window.

Then one day, something seemed to drop like a lead plummet to the bottom of Mary's being. Now that the house was finished, what next? What then? There were the usual diversions, cards, friends, theaters, travel. No children of her own, but a deep-seated interest in a local child welfare charity to which she gave time and thought. There were apparently as many interests as there had ever been. No particular reason, so far as casual diagnosis could make out, why suddenly and completely the sense of finish had written itself across all of Mary's life.

For a year, with this crack across her being, but with no ostensible let-down, life moved along at Wildmere. Consultations with gardeners, motor troubles, weekend parties, dinners to clients of Niles, tours of inspection with admiring guests through the grounds and then gradually even Niles began to notice.

"What's the matter, Mary? Fagged? Look if you might need a trip or change."

"All right, try a trip or change." Three months in England, browsing about among the shops for ideas for a certain addition of a Tudor suite she had in mind, then a bit of Busque country, and home by way of Naples and the Mediterranean. But strangely enough, the home-coming of a Mary a little more lusterless and a little more difficult to beat out of her lethargy than the Mary who had gone hunting diversions three months before.

"Matter, Mary?" It was not easy to tell Niles the matter. That is, it was not even easy to attempt to tell him. There were not the words to convey to him what he could not understand. Better to wait. Better to try somehow, some way, to jerk out of this lethargy agony that was gripping her more and more. Another year then of the week-end parties, the personally conducted tours through the grounds, the adding here and there to the perfection of the establishment.

"What in heaven's name is over you these days, Mary? You haven't been yourself in months." Well, here she was trying to tell the untellable. Somehow it had to be told—it had to be told.

"We're so finished, Niles."

"Meaning what?"

"You, me."

"How?"

"Oh, I don't know. There is nothing we are expecting about. You take me for granted. I suppose I take you that way. Nothing around the corner for us. Nothing to build, because we've already built. No excitement left—no joy of creating—no imagination between us. Just husband taking wife for granted; wife taking husband. Stale. I need something to do. I want a spontaneous impulse to pay one's debt to my husband and I haven't that impulse any more than he has. You're a failure as a husband to me, Niles. I'm a failure as a wife, to you. We've gone along on the momentum of innate things, and now that we have finished with them, we're nothing left."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You wouldn't."

"You mean—"

"I mean, I'm dissatisfied Niles. Horribly. Irrevocably. I'm finished here. I'm bored. There isn't enough between us. We're polite boarders under the same roof. Life is swift, life is passing, and we're missing it."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I know you don't, or I wouldn't be saying what I'm saying."

"Take a trip."

This Mary did, but it was a trip which struck incredulity and amazement into the heart of Niles.

"I need to be free, Niles. I cannot regard my life as the song completed thing it seems to be with you. Emotionally, we are finished; materially we can only be repetitious. I need to be fed, stirred, moved intellectually and inspired to do."

"I don't know what you mean."

"I know you don't, Niles." The new Mary lives in a three-room farm house in Connecticut that she had constructed out of an old barn. She is married to a student of law culture. Everywhere throughout the simple and sparsely furnished household is evidence of the study of this intricate and subtle form of life, to which they both devote their days.

Some day, Mary hopes to find time to furnish their home in a quaint and charming manner. But in the meanwhile the days are too crowded, too busy, too happy.

Jackals Described as "Foxes" in Scripture

The ancient Roman writer told us that it was not an uncommon thing to fasten firebrands to foxes' tails to do damage in an enemy's country and that at one of the state festivals it was a custom to tie a number of foxes together by their tails, mix firebrands among them and let them run wild.

This was apparently a well-known trick in olden times and is referred to in Judges 15:4, where we read that Samson incensed against the Philistines, the most warlike and most greatly dreaded of the enemies of the Israelites in the early days of their settlement in the Land of Promise—"went and caught three hundred foxes and took firebrands and turned tail to tail and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails, and when he had set the brands on fire he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines and burnt up both the shocks and also the standing corn with the vineyards and olives."

Now, even in these early days it would have been a tremendous task for even the clever Samson to catch three hundred specimens of the fox, which has always been a solitary hunter. But Jackals traveled then as now in large packs and by pits or cleverly constructed detours into enclosures it would not take three hundred of them to take three hundred of them alive. And so in this passage we shall almost certainly be right in reading "three hundred jackals," instead of foxes, as a marginal reading of the authorized version of the Bible suggests.—Montreal Herald.

World's Largest

The fish aquaria of the United States bureau of fisheries, just opened to the public, consist of 40 tanks. When fully stocked, they will constitute the largest fresh water fish exhibit in the United States. The total population of 400 fish will cost Uncle Sam more than \$2,000 for food alone.

BRYANT POND

The Ladies of the Farm Bureau held a meeting on Slipcovers last Thursday, May 12. There was quite a good attendance. A balanced meal was served at noon. The next meeting will be May 26. The subject will be Home Furnishings.

The Bryant Pond Garden Club held a meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Mary Day. The program consisted of Roll Call responded to with quotations, vocal solo by Mrs. Gertrude Redman, reading by Mrs. Annie Bryant, Mrs. Walter Gray from South Paris was present and gave a very interesting talk on Gardens. There was a large attendance.

The Girl Scouts held a social at the school building Friday evening. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were on sale.

The Star Birthday Club met Friday afternoon with Mrs. Bertha Davis, Locke Mills. There was a good attendance. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Mrs. Bertha Davis and Mrs. Annah Perham. A good social time was enjoyed by all. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Addie Mann, June 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Judkins and Mr. and Mrs. Littlehale have gone to Farmington where they have work for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Cushman, Mrs. Edith Abbott and Mrs. Elsie Cole attended the funeral of Frank Pike at Hibernia last Monday.

The Girls 4-H Club and Boy Scouts put on a program for Mothers, Saturday night. Mothers and grandmothers were invited. Following is the program:

Star Spangled Banner
Flag presented by Boy Scout and 4-H Girl.
Pledge to the Flag—4-H Club Pledge.
Reading, "A Prayer for Mothers" Eva Billings.

Prayer by Boy Scouts, 4-H Club and Guests: "Our Father, help us to be kind, help us to learn to put ourselves in other's places. Help us to do as we would be done by. To carry the burden for loved ones. To speak for them who cannot speak for themselves. And never to find in another's pain our sport. Help us to be like Thine own self, who art all loving kindness and tender mercies. Amen."

Solo, "My Task" Mrs. Gertrude Redman.
"Mother's Day" Arline Burr.
Song, "Dreaming" 4-H Club and Boy Scout.

4-H Club Playlet, "Betty Joins the 4-H Club"
Coached by Alice Andrews.
Song, "Flowing" 4-H Club and Boy Scout.

Boy Scout Play, "The Patrol that Found Itself" Elsie Abbott.
"Mother's Almanac" Elton Adams.
"Boy Scout Song" Boy Scouts.
Demonstration "Knot-Tying" Boy Scouts.
Health, Jolly Workers Club Meeting "Taps," 4-H Club, Boy Scouts and Guests.
"Day is done, gone the Sun From the lake, from the hills, from the sky All is well, safely rest; God is nigh." Refreshments were served and they played games until a late hour.

SOUTH ALBANY

F. E. Scribner was ill last week Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Kimball returned their home in Locke Mills Friday after spending a week at his parents', Mr. and Mrs. James Kimball's.

Mrs. Hugh Stearns and Mrs. Lilla Stearns were in Norway Saturday afternoon.

The scholars of the Clark school and other friends hung a Maybasket to the teacher, Miss Renski, one evening recently.

Mr. and Mrs. James Kimball entertained the following callers Friday afternoon: Mrs. Will Newcomb, Mrs. Donald Andrews and son Herbert, Mrs. Leon Newcomb and daughter Elizabeth, from Norway; and Mrs. Frank Anderson from Hartford, Conn.

The Selectmen were in session at the Town House Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Andrews, Mrs. Robert Hill, and Mrs. Roy Wardwell were at the Church Thursday afternoon, numbering the books and putting the Library in order for the season.

Rev. R. A. Brandon preached at the Albany Church on Sunday.

Henry Durgin is pasturing some young stock for Howard Allen. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bird and daughter Ida May were recent callers at J. A. Kimball's.

Preston Flint was a Sunday caller at Leon Kimball's.

Mrs. June Penfold and Fred Record were Sunday callers at E. K. Shedd's.

W. G. Fiske was in Buckfield on Sunday.

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THE CITIZEN

WEST STONEHAM

Mrs. Addie Raimsey and daughters, Hazel Buck and Bessie Adams, were callers at John Adams' Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carley are rejoicing over the birth of a little daughter, Jean Florence.

Albert Adams is doing some work at North Lovell with his team.

Mrs. John Adams spent Sunday night at home returning to her work Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Tracy Pierce and friends were at their camp Sunday.

Roy Wilhelm and friends have returned to his log cabin on the Hill.

HANOVER

Deferred

News has been received of the passing of George Virgin a former resident of this town, in Rockland at the home of his son.

Mrs. Susie Thomas is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eva Hayford.

Mrs. Ada Dyer and Mrs. Ned Foster were called here by the death of their aunt, Mrs. Martha Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Saunders and son attended Bethel Grange Thursday evening.

TWO-MINUTE SERMON

by REV. GEORGE HENRY

IMPATIENCE

Don't be impatient. Don't try to force events. Quietly make the heart's soil ready for their coming. "The earth spreads carpets for the feet of spring, or with the strengthening tonic of frost, prepares for winter." Poor puny man alone does strive against the force that rules our lives. We cannot harvest joy until we sow the seed, and God alone knows when that seed has ripened. Sometimes our fierce impatience of desire forces premature shoots to ripen and we reap but disappointment. Sometimes we rot the germs with briny tears. The soul should move serene through all the ills of life not waste its strength in strife and vain regret. Be calm my soul. Play well thy part. A curtain call awaits thee, and success will be more sweet because deferred. Possess thy soul in patience and thou shalt triumph in the end. No earnest effort ever yet was made in vain. Cast care behind thee and press on. Perform thy task and leave results with Him who orders well events.

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"Home News for the Home Folk"

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by W. D. Bowdoin, Bethel; Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel; Lawrence Perry, West Bethel; John King, Hanover; Gordon Chase, Bryant Pond; Ralph Corkum, Locke Mills.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1932

GRAMMAR SCHOOL STUDENTS TO PRESENT PAGEANT AT GYMNASIUM TONIGHT

In connection with the nation wide bi-centennial celebration of the birth of George Washington the entire student body of the Bethel Grammar School is presenting a story-pageant at the William Bingham Gymnasium this Thursday evening at eight o'clock. This pageant depicts the life of Washington from early childhood through the inauguration period to the remaining years of his life at Mount Vernon. The costumes are very colorful and in keeping with the colonial period. Every effort has been made to make this pageant a picturesque and memorable one and the school will much appreciate the patronage of parents and friends.

Following is the cast of characters:

- Herbert—Talbot Crane.
- Flag Drill—Mary Wheeler, Joyce Chapman, Irene Blake, Virginia Chapman, Kathleen White, Madeline Hall, Virginia Smith, Frances Wentworth, Edna McMillan and Helen Crouse.
- Readers—Ronald Rowe, Rita Hutchins, Geraldine Stanley, Margaret Tibbetts, Elmer Vall, and Mary Wheeler.
- Tableau, Washington the Child—Edward Wheeler, Pauline Larue, Dorothy Macchia.
- Boy Scout Drill—Donald Brown, Gardner Smith, Charles Anderson, O'Neil Robertson, Chandler Dazell, Erland Wentzel, Arthur Whitman, and Frank Littlehale.
- Tableau, Washington the Mathematician—Robert Brown.
- Tableau, Washington and Lord Fairfax—Emerson Clough and Robert Brown.
- Indians—Robert Moore, Stanley Wilson, Edgar Rahney, Leroy Bennett.
- Staff Drill—Male: Thurston, Lloyd Chapman, Edgar Coultidge, Robert Williams, Emory Vall, Richard Young, Henry Hastings.
- Female: Alton Cross and Rayden Keady.
- Colonial Dances—Margaret Ray, Victoria, Margaret Galloway, Ruth Brown, Mildred Vail, and Margaret Tibbetts.
- Liberty—Jane Chapin.
- Father Knickerbocker, Interpreter—Richard Young.
- Negro Servants—Barbara Moore, Stanley Galloway.
- George Washington—Kenneth Brooks.
- Clark of Congress—Henry Hastings.
- Attendants—Erlon Crouse and Sherman Chapman.
- Colonial Gentlemen—Lloyd Chapman, James Baker.
- Colonial Ladies—Elsie Pinner, Edith Arsenault, Edna Warren.
- Little Maid and Mother—Robert Brown and Margaret Galloway.
- Flower Maidens—Barbara Lyon, Arlene Greenleaf, Helen Lowe, Mary Clough, Jane Chapin, Elizabeth Lyon, Ethel Jodrey, Elaine Warren, Helen Crouse, Phyllis Hunt, Geraldine Stanley, Christie Thurston, and Barbara Hall.
- Continental Soldiers—Erlon Keniston and Edward Robertson.
- Vice-President Adams—D'Neil Robertson.
- Mistress Adams—Elsie Warren.
- Dr. Hays—Erland Wentzel.
- Colonel Lewis—Lloyd Keniston.
- Major Norton—Richard Crockett.
- Officers of the Militia—Donald Brown and Talbot Crane.
- Mayor of New York—Murray Thurston.
- Rev. Perry—Maynard Austin.
- Gov. Clinton—Christine Ounfro.
- French and Spanish Ambassadors—Rodney Wentzel and Parker Brown.
- Chancellor Robert Livingstone—Gardner Smith.
- Secretary John Jay—Edgar Coultidge.

Old Ohio Grist Mill
Dodges Depressions
Warren, Ohio—Many depressions have called past the old water mill at Phalaris, Ohio, five miles west of here, but, despite its age, it continues to grind out flour.
The mill, built in 1815, has been remodeled several times. It was constructed by Ed Harman, one of the Connecticut settlers and a relative of P. T. Barnum of circus fame.
It is operated by a firm known as F. A. and A. G. Hood. These men have been dead many years. They were cousins, and the property now is in the hands of three sons.

ROLLING STONE

By JANE OSBORN

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate) (WNU Service)

"WHO cares for moss, anyway? Daphne had flung out at her sister four years ago—and big sister Agnes had never forgotten it.
"If you don't care for my advice, all right," Agnes had said, "I am ten years older than you and I am married and some people would think that my advice would be worth something to you. I was simply telling you that I did not approve of Donald Scott as a brother-in-law. He isn't worth anything. Now he's got a crazy notion that he can make more money in the city where he doesn't know a soul and has positively no opening than he could here in Bethlehem, where he knows people who are sorry for him. I'm married and I know that a girl has simply got to have a comfortable income to be happy after she is married. Thank fortune, George wasn't a rolling stone. He had sense enough to go into his father's store, and as a result we have enough—and I am perfectly happy."

"I didn't say you weren't happy," snapped Daphne. "And I didn't say that I was going to marry Donald Scott. Donald has never asked me to marry him. What I did say was that I wasn't going to marry Walter Reed, even if he is your husband's best friend, and even if he had chosen to crump himself by settling right down here in Bethlehem in a garage when all the time he hated the smell of gasoline and really wants to be an artist. Perhaps he will gather a whole lot more moss than Donald—but, as I said before, who cares for moss?"

"You'll sing a different song four years from now," said Agnes.

In a way Agnes was right. Four years later Daphne was quite willing to admit that what she had once lightly called "moss" had a perfectly legitimate place in considerations of matrimony.

Walter Reed had resumed his suit from time to time, and, being the only eligible in Bethlehem, there were times when Daphne had seriously considered accepting his proposal. There had certainly never been anything of the rolling stone about Walter. He hadn't even taken a vacation for four years. Not that there was any undue pressure of business. On the contrary, the state highway had been diverted away from Bethlehem, though there had been a good chance at one time that it would run right by Walter's garage.

"I would marry Walter," Daphne was saying as she sat with her sister Agnes on the front veranda one pleasant summer evening, "only the idea of giving up a good job to try and settling along on what he makes just makes me terrified. You told me once, Agnes, that at least a comfortable income was necessary to happiness. I think you're right, especially when a girl marries a man that she isn't absolutely crazy about. Walter told me just what his income was. He even showed me a possible budget as he had figured it out. No allowance for help at all. And just one hundred and fifty dollars a year for my dress allowance. He said that his mother had got along on that."

Daphne did not tell her sister that that very afternoon a tall, well-dressed young man called at the bank, that he had asked for her and that he had turned out to be Donald Scott. Daphne had talked to him for a minute or two through the gratings of the cashier's "cage." She told him that she still lived with her sister Agnes and that she would be at home that evening, "after supper."

Donald sat with them there on the comfortable veranda. Urged by Daphne he told them something of his life since he left Bethlehem. He had gone to a big city where he worked for a time as a newspaper reporter, then somehow he got to doing theatrical press work, and that led to a brief two or three months on the stage. Then a try to the movies. Then a chance to get into the engineering end of the pictures. He'd had a course or two in engineering when he worked his way through college, but not enough. Followed a winter studying—working like a beaver to pay his expenses as he went. Then back to the job he had left among motion picture engineers. That was two years ago. Since then "things had gone rather nicely," Donald modestly explained.

"Then you're really doing well?" Agnes asked. "As well as if you'd stuck here in Bethlehem?"

Donald laughed but answered positively enough that he thought he was. "I wouldn't tell anyone else," Donald said, "but I must tell you." He named a yearly income that was four times as great as that of Agnes' husband—which she considered more than comfortable. "I am telling you so that Daphne will know just where I stand. You see—I came back to ask Daphne to marry me. I never dared ask her before."

Agnes faked some excuse and went into the house. Two days later when Donald went back to the big city it was known in Bethlehem that he had become engaged to Daphne.

"I always told Daphne that even the best of lovers couldn't live on air," Agnes said to her husband and anyone else who wanted to listen to her. "Walter was very fond of her and fine in many ways, and Daphne might have married him—if it had not been for my advice."

An Unequal Race!



THE D. S. BROOKS LETTER

Bethel, Maine, May 19, 1932.

To the Citizen Family,

Dear Members:

I have come very near to "feeling blue" over this backward Spring. The cold north winds all through April and the beginning of this month have poisoned and nearly sapped my life; weakening my vitality fifty per cent. To walk across the fields now brings a tugging sensation to my heart. It is not a belief, but an earnest reality. I have fought ill health with mind treatments, doubtless as much as any person of my age. In my ministry, I once asked an elderly lady with a downcast countenance, regarding her physical condition; her reply was that she was "enjoying very poor health." I know how she meant that. But I verily believe that there are some people who might be quickly cured, if they would get the thought of "enjoying poor health" out of their minds and would think strong thoughts of sound health. I have made the science of health quite a study and am endowed with a strong and healthy mind. So, kindly allow me to be the judge of what is real and what is unreal in my own case. But, perhaps, this complaint had better have been left unsaid. Weather conditions cannot be changed with fault finding. So, we had "bug" face the other way and try not to notice unpleasant conditions any more than we can help. Memory brings forth these verses:

"Don't look for the dawn as you go through life;
And when you find them
It is too late and kind to be somewhat blind.
And to be for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudless night has a hint of the light."

Somewhere in its shadows blinding; it is better by far to hunt for a star—
Then the spots in the sun abiding.

"The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean;
Don't set your face 'gainst the river's course.
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe;
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it fly o'er you."

"The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whim to the letter;
Something must go wrong your whole life long.
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wise man shapes into God's great plan
As the water shapes into the vessel."

I certainly have much for which to be thankful. Many neighbors are kind to do me favors. And this friendliness extends to Bethel village and for miles around. Yes, people are so very obliging and thoughtful. They are willing to do my errands and put themselves to much inconvenience on my account. Miss Ada Bean certainly is one who proved to be a good neighbor in this respect, and also others who live up to Middle Intervale. It cannot be that I am so deserving, but it shows the goodness in the hearts of my friends. I could enumerate so many blessings since I moved onto this hill it would be quite appropriate to call it the Hill of Blessings. To begin with—a nice, fat, towel graced

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our table at dinner our first night here. Friends at East Bethel knew we were moving and they were especially thoughtful of our situation. After we had spent one night in the midst of confusion, there were still other things to bring. A gentleman took his truck and made several trips and finished the furniture moving. When I asked his price, he replied that it was alright. For some weeks, until we could get a crew of men to move the very heavy Gramer piano, Mr. Olson was nice in allowing it to stay where it was. By and by, some strong men landed it safe and sound to its new abode. They smilingly refused to present any bill. Last year a man loaned one of his horses for me to farm with for a few days. This Spring, before the snow left, he came with his two-horse team and hauled out our next winter's wood to our very door. When through, he said it was all paid. Some good angel has his eye open to our needs. A year ago, two men came one morning and plowed up two plots by the roadside for handy table gardens, and said it was a gift. Others came and broke up and harrowed other strips. Potato seed, bean, corn, etc. From many sources were advanced in abundance. Families from Swan Hill have been most helpful also. And more than half a hundred friends in all directions have generously contributed of their substance for our comfort. How I wish that I might again hold Sunday services. Friends who are blessed with the radio should promptly tune in on Henry Merrill at the nine o'clock a. m. Sunday service; and then gladden some pastor's heart by attending church, somehow.

I have reserved mention, until my closing paragraph of the dear helpers in my home—Stanley, Victor, Charles, Earl and even dear, little, Ruthetta loves to get busy and assist daily. How often those, who are constantly at our side to lighten the burdens off from our weary shoulders are overlooked in appreciation. Besides our children's, there is the faithfulness of the wife. On October first, thirty years of loyalty will have been rounded out. I want to kindly say to each man of the Citizen Family: "Do not forget the worth of your wife and youngsters. Show more kindness to your children; and, the love and appreciation which your wife so richly deserves." Down in our hearts, we do feel thankful, but we err by putting it off and, we say—

"When I have time, so many things I'll do.
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded
Now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!"

"When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths
Always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time!"

"When you have time the friend you hold so dear
Shall know no more these weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths
Always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time!"

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May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent.
May never know that you so kindly meant.
To all her life with sweet content—
When you had time!
Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait.
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer.
To those around, whose lives are now so dear;
They may not heed you in the coming year—
Now is the time!"

INDIA DRESSES UP IN CUR CASTOFFS

Greatest Consumer of American Old Clothes.

Karachi, India.—India is the greatest consumer of American second-hand clothes in the world.
Every year the men, women and children of this vast subcontinent spend about \$750,000 for castoff costumes, coats, gowns, suits, overcoats, shoes and socks once worn by Americans' millions.
No trousers are worn in India, so this garment is a drug on the market. A \$75 overcoat that may once have been worn by a wealthy American business man finds its way to the back of an Indian peasant who wears it another ten years, but pays only \$1.50 for it.

A rich silk robe that may once have adorned a Washington society woman finds its way into an Indian hut, where it gives cover to a famished Indian housewife, who pays about a dollar for it.

An Indian man is not particular whether the coat is a man's or woman's garment; nor has the Indian woman any prejudice against wearing a masculine article. All garments look alike to the destitute peasant.

A common laborer, earning about ten cents a day, may be seen wearing a full-dress suit with top hat, while an impecunious housewife may be observed wearing a stunning evening gown in her tiny smoky kitchen.

Famous English Bridge Is Auctioned Each Year

Boroughbridge, England.—The rights of the last remaining toll bridge in Somerset have been sold by auction, at a record price, while sand was running through an hour glass.
This quaint auction occurs every year and the highest bidder holds the right for one year, of levying tolls on all vehicles crossing the bridge spanning the River Parrett, at Boroughbridge, on the main road between Taunton and Glastonbury.
The bridge was built in 1821 and is close to the spot where King Alfred is said to have burned the cakes in the shepherd's hut. The auction is conducted under special act of parliament passed when the bridge was built. The rights include the use of a pretty tye-colored cottage for the toll collector. When the auction begins, a band plays a set working and the highest bidder, when the sand has run through the glass three times, becomes the owner of the bridge, the toll gate and the cottage for one year.
The annual increase in the number of motor vehicles using the bridge has served to boost the bidding at the last few auctions, and the successful bidder at the recent sale, Charles Miller, a farmer, paid the record price for the rights. This was \$1,100 more than the price last year.

200-Year-Old Cemetery Has Roofed Over Graves

Berlin, Md.—The quaintest cemetery in the United States is located on the Mason-Dixon line, at Bethel church, northwest of Whitesville, near here. Pegged shingle-bull roofs instead of imposing marble monuments mark the graves. This unique cemetery is thought to be about two hundred years old.

As if to protect those buried there some one, decades ago, constructed peaked shingle roofs over the graves. These shelters are about three feet high in the middle, the sides touching the ground.

Built of cypress wood and shingles these roofs run the length of the graves, forming their only location, as no mounds are visible. Some of the lumber has rotted by this time, but the form and general shape of this "village of the dead" still remain.

Forgotten Heroes

By Elmo Watson

A Peace-Time Hero

IN 1809 there died one of the most famous Americans of his day. He had received more honors during his lifetime than any citizen of the United States ever had before. Congress voted him a special medal and Queen Victoria presented him with a jeweled miniature of herself. He was buried with kingly honors in Westminster abbey. Later his body was carried to his own country and it was borne on England's finest warship. Now two American towns, an American college and museum at Hagyard, Yale and Baltimore bear his name. His statue stands in the Hall of Fame at New York university. Yet today it is doubtful if one American in a hundred could tell even the principal facts about the life of George Peabody.

A native of Massachusetts, he had been a farmer, a country storekeeper, one of America's first traveling salesmen and a soldier in the War of 1812; before he was twenty-one. Then he became a banker and in his thirties, and forties established an international banking house which obtained in England the credit which pioneer America needed to develop its vast resources. In financing the American expedition to search for Sir John Franklin, last of the Arctic, he created a bond between England and America which greatly improved our relations with that nation.

But the United States even more than England has reason to remember him gratefully because of his services as an educator and a philanthropist. And it was because of the fact that there was little of the dramatic and spectacular in these services that he is now almost forgotten. To him, probably more than any other man is due the credit of establishing the American system of public school education. He did this by founding the Peabody education fund in what was then one-half of the states of the Union.

The college in Nashville, Tenn., which bears his name is a monument to his desire to train teachers for public school work. Also he aided by endowing Carnegie by almost fifty years in establishing free public libraries. The inscription under his statue in the Hall of Fame is the best answer to the accusation of "money mania America." It reads "Looking forward beyond my story on earth I can see our country becoming richer and more powerful. But to make her prosperity more than superficial, her moral and intellectual development should keep pace with her material wealth."

(© 1931, Western Newspaper Union)

How Police Radio Works

Police departments have for some time had a system of radio transmission of police orders which is very similar to any radio broadcast system. There is a system of radio receivers and transmitters in each police car, which are connected by a network of wires to a central station. The central station is connected to a power source and a network of wires to the police cars. The system is used for transmitting orders and information between the police cars and the central station.

How Turtle Lures Fish

The alligator snapping turtle has no novel way of getting its living. In the bottom of its mouth there lies a light-colored strip of flesh about an inch and a half long that resembles nothing so much as a healthy fish worm. If the turtle lies in shallow water with its mouth open a minnow is quite likely to swim into the aperture to get the worm. Immediately the jaws of the turtle snap shut and the fish is fast in a trap from which there is no escape.

How Shakespeare Got Plot

"Hamlet" is based on a crude story told by the Thirteenth century Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler. In his "Historia Danica," first printed in 1514, which found a place in Pierre de Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques" (1570), a French miscellany of translated legend and romance.

Sidewalk Syllabary

Syllabary folks were born, and in their life wants bread, at into the street in bakeshop man, recovered in Bethel, Maine, where a small can sniff, waves are haled, akeahops, and b help retaine loaf. Syllabary, articulate about the dried loaf with

Where Nerv

To cross the J means of its ridge, is a nerve or novices. In a thin there are worked. In these Ch two ropes of her, one slanting at one side, a's edge on a be other slanting its direction. T's a wooden i the rope, and-ther side of the

N. E. DOWNS
Tel. 999 Prospect Ave. Rumford
Cut Flowers and Floral Designs
Bedding Stock
Asters, Zinnias, Calendulas, Petunias, etc.
Geraniums and Potted Plants
Tomato Plants
Mrs. Frank A. Goddard, Agent
BETHEL, MAINE

Classified Advertising

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents. Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week. Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—Fitted Hard Wood, 1st cord. Slabs and edgings, \$5.00. Few good trades in second hand cars. **YEAR BEAN, Bethel.** 291r

FOR SALE—1 Massey Sponder, 1 Hay Loader, 1 Side Delivery Rake, 1 Hay Tedder, Potato Planter. All in good condition. Reasonable price. **Maudie A. Sanborn, Route 2, Bethel, Me. Phone 118-4.** 5p

FOR SALE—Battery operated Radio Sets, \$5, \$10, and \$15. B batteries and tubes. **E. P. LYON, Bethel.** 21r

FOR SALE—PRESSED HAY. 11. 31. Hastings. 0

Attention: Factory will sacrifice regular \$55 kitchen range oil burners for \$16.50; easy to install; factory guaranteed. **Factory Agent, 1437 Main St., Bridgeport, Conn.** 7p

For Sale—1 second hand cook stove in good condition. Also Maytag Electric Washer, \$35. **E. P. LYON.** 51r

FOR SALE—Plans, the property of the late Mrs. Brickett. Inquire of Mrs. Edith Grover, Chapman St. 8p

Miscellaneous

Found—A sweater. Owner may have same by proving ownership and paying the cost of this ad. **Citizen Office.**

TO LET—On Mill Hill, a seven room house, shed, and stable. Very reasonable rates. Inquire at the Citizen office. 8p

FOR RENT—One of the best garages in the town of Bethel, for rent cheap at the First National Store. Inquire of Mr. Norman Hall. 51r

TO LET—Rent of Four Rooms. Inquire of Harry Lyon, Bethel. 51r

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will be in Bethel early in June. Orders with E. J. Tyler or write Box 6, Auburn, Maine. 5p

I will serve meals and deliver home cooked food. **Mrs. Wallace Clark, Mason Street, Phone 52-4.** 41r

Guns, Rifles, Ammunition and Traps—Supplies, bought, sold and exchanged. **R. I. BEAN, Fur Buyer and Lumber Dealer, Bethel, Maine.** 231r

Born

In Norway, May 6, to the wife of Benjamin Tucker, a daughter, Norma Joyce.

In South Paris, May 14, to the wife of Warren Kightly, a daughter, Mary Jane.

In South Paris, May 6, to the wife of Dean Martin, a daughter, Colleen Joy.

Married

In Rumford, May 7, by Rev. C. D. Nutter, Charles Ham and Miss Mar. Jere Hammon, both of Rumford.

In Mexico, May 9, by Rev. Fr. A. Higgins, Girard Boutot of Rumford and Miss Flora Gaultin of Mexico.

In Rumford, May 9, by Rev. Fr. P. J. Wither, Wilfred Hamel and Elizabeth Hamard, both of Rumford.

Died

In West Paris, May 14, Mrs. Joseph Bryant, aged 58 years.

In Upton, May 15, Mrs. Grace Harrell.

In Upton, April 30, Mrs. Herbert Arden, aged 59 years.

In Rumford, May 15, Archer Kenev, aged 21 years.

In East Village, May 12, Mrs. Zora White, aged 88 years.

In Upton, May 12, Frank S. Pike, aged 22 years.

In Bethel, May 13, Brainard Cleveland, aged 72 years.

In Bethel, May 7, Charles Campbell, aged 72 years.

In Bethel, May 11, John Stephens, aged 57 years.

In Bethel, May 16, George A. Verrill, 69 years of age, of Hanover and Rumford, aged 78 years.

In West Gardiner, May 10, J. I. Wood of Albany, aged 78 years.

Season Opens for Air

Flights Over Pacific

Seattle, May 16. Applications are now being received by Volunteer Geographers of the National Aeronautical Association, from those who will attempt to cross the Pacific and win a cash prize of \$25,000.

Gayhart announced that two Americans and a Portuguese have just posted entry fees, the rights to be made either from Seattle, Wash., or from San Francisco, Calif., to the Hawaiian Islands, Portland, Ore. Applications close in two weeks.

Black Wolf Caught

Red Wolf, and a black wolf, an animal species in ancient Indian legends, but very seldom seen by hunters, has been trapped near Saco, Me.

CASE OF MISS GRAY

By JANE OSBORN

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.) (WNU Service)

IN SPIKE of his twenty-eight years, Doctor Morley looked very young; in spite of his youthful appearance and the fact that he had been practicing medicine only two or three years, he was one of the best and best-liked doctors in Tiden. One of the older doctors had suggested in all seriousness that he make a mouse-mechanic. That would make him look older and more professional. Not such a bad idea, thought Ted Morley, until he suggested it to Hope Gray, the girl in spotless white linen who acted as general assistant in his office. Hope pursed her lips, looked critically at Ted's smooth face and said she liked him better as he was. That settled the matter.

The only time that Ted really felt the need of an appearance of greater age was when he was acting as chairman of the committee of student nurses at the Tiden hospital. The fact was, he was somewhat of a mouse-mechanic, the middle-aged, nervous of the hospital, and on leaving the hospital after visiting his patients there, he had a strong impulse to hurry past her private office without giving her an opportunity to confer with him.

One summer's day he was making—or trying to make—one of his last exits from the hospital when Miss Drury pounced upon him.

"Sorry to detain you," she said, accusingly. "But there's the case of Miss Gray. It was six months ago the matter was first presented and we have done nothing about it. It would be quite out of order for me to go ahead with the matter myself, a new class will be coming in next month—we really ought to let her know."

"You're sure," said Ted Morley, and said something about having intended to get in touch with the girl, and something more about having been extremely busy.

"You are also applied for appointment in the training school. She has no high-school diploma—and in such cases, candidates have to satisfy the chairman of the committee of their educational fitness. I would suggest that you send for the girl and have her go to your office where you can make whatever inquiries you want. She lives somewhere in the country—a copy of the letter is included in this memo."

A few more remarks and Ted Morley managed to get started. Disagreeable business that. He thrust the letter in his pocket, hurried to his car and back by the shortest way to his office. He was especially anxious to arrive before Hope left for the day. If he had the courage, he wanted to ask Hope to marry him. He was quite equal to the ordeal before Miss Drury nabbed him—now he felt timid.

Somehow his courage came back as he entered his office and saw Hope sitting there at his desk with her pretty fair head bent over one of his medical magazines.

They sat opposite each other with the broad flat desk between them and Ted took the telephone receiver from the hook on the wall with no interruption in the important business he had before him.

Then leaning over his desk and looking eagerly into her fair young face he told her he wanted to marry her. He waited, half expecting Hope would present a final rejection then and there. Instead, looking rather confused, she told him that it was rather rash for him to propose marriage to a girl of whom he knew nothing.

"I'm not even a nurse," she said. "They didn't think I knew enough—they wouldn't have me."

"But after what I have seen of some nurses," said Ted, "I'm glad you never really did want to go into training."

"Ever since I was a little girl that had been my ambition," said Hope. "You see my mother was dead and father had quite a bit of money. I never spoke of that before. I said I liked to go to a farm so I do, in a way. Father calls it an estate, but I go and come in the bus. Well, I never went to high school, just somehow managed to get a scotch here and there from governesses and tutors. I got rather fit to go to my taking the medical training, but apparently they didn't want me. I saw your advice, Ted, and you know the rest. I thought, maybe I had better tell you about it, hadn't I?"

"I've never heard of you wanting to be a nurse, but I can't say I'm surprised. Here I was, Ted, and you know the rest. I thought, maybe I had better tell you about it, hadn't I?"

It was not until late that night that Ted remembered the memorandum which Miss Drury had thrust in his pocket. He glanced quickly at the letter written six months ago and at the end he saw the signature, "Hope Gray."

Hope noticed that the next morning had insisted on working in Ted's office another helper. Ted handed her the letter. "It was all my fault, you didn't get an appointment," he said. "They would be glad to take you—I am sure. Perhaps if you knew that it would make a difference, Hope."

But what Hope said made Ted feel sure she would rather marry him than train in any hospital.

SUNDAY RIVER

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bennett of Bethel were visitors in Ketchum.

Game Warden Guy Caldwell of Mexico was in town Monday.

Miss Lottie Nowlin and Oscar Knowles of Temple were visitors at Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Lane's of Upton Saturday.

R. M. Bean and Walter Emery were on business in Auburn Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. H. Bodge of Upton were visiting the school here the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Foster and son Bobby spent the week end at Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Foster's.

Erle Stowe of Massachusetts is spending a vacation with Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Foster.

R. M. Bean has been serving on the jury at Rumford this last week.

Robert Bean has employment on the State road in Hanover with his truck.

Harry Williamson and Leslie Fuller of Upton were callers in town one day last week.

Frank Stevens of Locke Mills was in town Tuesday, peddling goods.

(Deferred)

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chase and family of Rumford Point were visitors at R. L. Foster's Sunday.

Rex Charles of Mechanic Falls spent the week end at Mr. and Mrs. Roger Foster's.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Helms and family have moved back to their home on Temple Hill in Harrison.

Harold Fuller of Upton was a visitor at Mrs. Nettie Fleet's Monday and Tuesday.

Walter Tikander of Harrison helped Mr. and Mrs. Charles Helms move to Harrison.

Rev. R. S. Irons of Upton attended the Sunday School that was held at the school house last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Smith and family of Bethel were in Ketchum Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Bean and baby and Mrs. Roger Foster were in Rumford one day last week.

Bruce Bailey of Bethel was a visitor at Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds' one night recently.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Curtis of North Bridgton were in this vicinity Sunday.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the kindness of friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement.

Miss Dorothy Burbank
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crosby
Durwood H. Mason

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the kindness of friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. A. P. Brooks,
Mrs. Florence McInnis and family,
Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Learned and family,
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer A. Brooks and family,
Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Brooks and family,
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hobbs,
Mr. and Mrs. James Croteau and family,
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coolidge and family.

Historic Delaware

State House Passes

Dover, N. H.—The Delaware state house, historic landmark of the Colonial states, will pass out of service soon giving place to a modern building.

A new Capitol is now fast nearing completion and will be ready for use by the time the next regular session of the Delaware legislature convenes.

The original building is the second oldest state house in the country, and in service. That at Annapolis, Md., is one of an earlier construction.

Since 1777 the Delaware house of representatives has been meeting in the old structure.

Gifts for the Graduate

JEWELRY—Wrist Watches. STATIONERY—"White and Wicks" and "Whitings" Pen & Pencil Combinations
New selection of Pendants—Rings Bracelets—Dress Clips. All smartly designed.

School Days "Memory Books" for the Graduate

WEARING APPAREL

Another new lot of Attractive Dresses at \$4.75

Dainty Silk Lingerie

New Hosiery in service weight—Chiffon—and Mesh.

White and Colors.

Edw. P. Lyon

BETHEL, MAINE

Store Open Wednesday Afternoons

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

L. A. Edwards, Pastor
9:30 Church School. Miss Ida Packard Superintendent.

10:45 Morning Worship. The subject of the pastor's sermon will be, "Andyness."

The common poppy the beauty of which we all admire conceals under its radiant beauty that which has caused and is causing untold misery; for from it comes opium and its various derivatives.

Andyness when properly administered is a great boon to suffering humanity, but when unwisely used only the addict has any conception of the horrors that follow.

We shall, however, consider in this sermon some of the more common andyness that, deeply though they are, have little or no effect upon the body.

Think of what some of them are and see if you and the preacher agree. 6:30 Comrades of the Way. Subject, "How careful should we be about our friendships?" Leaders, Betty Edwards and Mary Sanborn.

BETHEL M. E. CHURCH

Rev. R. C. Dalzell, Minister

9:45. Sunday School. Supt. Evans Wilson.

10:45 Morning Worship. "Nature's Analogy with Spiritual Propagation." 6:30 Epworth League. "The changing American Home Life." Leader, Arthur Gibbs.

7:30 Evening Worship. "Consecration."

7:30 Tuesday evening. Prayer Service.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Lesson Topic, "Soul and Body."

Wednesday testimonial meeting at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES E. GOOD

James E. Good of Albany, better known as Ed Good, passed away May 10th at the home of John Adams of West Stoneham, where he had been staying for some months. He was born in Green Oaks, Colchester Co., Nova Scotia, Nov. 28, 1853, the son of Matthew and Susan Good.

At the age of sixteen he came to Albany and had lived there the most of his life. He married Clara Kneeland and two children were born to them. Ina, the daughter, survives him. The son, Roy, and the mother passed away some years ago. An aged sister, Maria Good Kimball of Albany, and nieces and nephews also survive him. A brother, Charles Good, who lived on the old home place in Green Oaks, N. S., passed away a few years ago. Mr. Good went back to the old home for the first time since leaving there when a boy a few years ago, and visited with his brother. And he went again after his brother's death.

He had been in failing health for some time. A few years ago he lost the sight of one eye. He was a loving father and faithful friend, and very fond of children. Before his health failed him he was an excellent worker at whatever he found to do. He was always ready to lend a helping hand in sickness, trouble or sorrow, to all he knew.

Services were held at the Songo schoolhouse, conducted by S. S. Greenleaf. Rev. R. C. Dalzell of Bethel spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family and friends. Many flowers were a silent token of esteem. Interment was in the family lot in the cemetery across the road from the home where he had lived for years.

Another form has left us. Another vacant chair. He will await us there. In that ever growing circle where parting's never known. Sometime they all will greet us. When we, too, shall be called Home.

THE CITIZEN-PRINTERS

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Continued from Page One

Friends of Miss Alta Smith, who underwent a serious operation in a hospital at Yonkers, N. Y., are interested to learn that she left the hospital there on April 20 after an eight weeks stay and has entered the C. M. G. Hospital at Lewiston for further treatment.

Henry Morgan, of the H. A. Manning Co., directory publishers, is in town in the interest of a directory which his company will soon publish which will include the towns of Bethel, Rumford, Mexico, Dixfield, Andover, Roxbury, Peru, Milton, Newry, and Hanover.

Bethel has a new industry in the manufacture of bird houses. F. J. Tyler has been making a number of these which have found an encouraging sale locally. Samples have been sent to the Audubon Club and wholesale houses and prospects seem bright for a further development of this business next season. These houses are built log cabin style and seem very pleasing to the birds.

Mrs. R. I. Knapp was hostess at a party at her home Wednesday. Nineteen of the Kuzwellit Club of North New Portland were present, arriving about 10:30. At noon the club went to the church for luncheon where a special table was reserved for them. Mrs. Knapp acted as hostess, assisted by Mrs. Hanson. After luncheon they returned to Mrs. Knapp's where an afternoon of bridge was enjoyed. Prizes given were tokens of Bethel. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served late in the afternoon.

Henrietta and Henry, children of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Heath, were given a party Monday afternoon, May 16, by their mother, assisted by Misses Barbara Heath and Elizabeth Bean, in honor of their ninth birthday. They received many nice gifts and refreshments were served. Guests present were Barbara Lutton, Muriel Bean, Muriel Hall, Valerie Bean, Elizabeth Gorman, Mary Jodrey, Joyce Swan, Francine Warren, Wilma Bean, Hope Bailey, Buddy Clough, Bobby McCreary, Bradley Hall, Earle Eldredge, Sherman Williamson, Ralph Taylor, Kenneth Taylor, Junior Little, and Gary York. Miss Mary Leeman, the twins' teacher, was their supper guest following the party.

Rib of Contention

One of those scientific provokers who are always digging up strange and interesting things informs us that according to Brazilian Indians the first humans were not Adam and Eve, but two women, and that the first quarrel came about when each claimed to be the oldest. Either the Brazilian tradition is in error or women have changed a lot since that time.—Exchange.

Ancient Libraries

Although the ancient libraries had parchment rolls instead of books they resembled modern ones in many ways. At Thebes, in Roman Africa, was a delightful public library which was the gift of a benevolent citizen, and it was furnished as one might be today, with tables and comfortable chairs where the reader could sit at ease to consult the work he had borrowed.

Spine Broken 25 Years

Kirkcaldy, Scotland.—Seventy-two old, his cheery smile familiar in the district, Robert Smith has been walking about with a broken spine for 25 years, since he was pinned under debris in a mine accident.

HIGH STREET, WEST PAR

Elmer Ingalls has purchased a work horse.

Gus Roberts and family are moving away.

D. O. Hill has been plowing James Holden this week.

Frank Gammon and family at D. O. Hill's Sunday.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks and appreciation for the kindness of friends and neighbors during our recent bereavement.

Alton and Charles Bartlett,
F. L. Bartlett,
Mr. and Mrs. Allen Richardson and family.

ODEON HALL, BETHEL

Sat. Night, May 21

Laura LaPlante and John Bo and a cast of 5000

in

Captain of the Guard

Comedy Cartoon and Sound News

Wed. Night, May 23

Another Dandy

Metro-Goldwyn Feature

Chapter 5

Battling With Buffalo Bill

Sound News and Comedy

Pictures Wed.—Sat

Children, 20c Adults, 35c

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Travelers Cheques

Accepted When My Personal

Check is Questioned?

Because, anyone accepting a

personal check must have

some assurance that it will be

paid by the bank on which it

is drawn, whereas Travelers

Cheques are well known and

have been in use for forty

years. Nearly 1,000,000 people

carried them last year.

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BETHEL NATIONAL BANK

Bethel, Maine

KRISS KROSS STROPPER

Gives Continual, Satisfactory

Shave from any Safety Razor Blade

For a Limited Time—FREE BLADE

for Two Years to Users of Kriss

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VOLUME XXXVIII—N

BETHEL AND

Mrs. Deola Foster is

in Waterford.